Strange and true News from *Weſtmoreland.*

Being a true Relation of one *Gabriel Harding*, who coming home drunk, ſtruck his Wife a blow on the breaſt, and killed her outright, and then denyed the ſame: Likewiſe how a Stranger did come to the Houſe clothed in green, the people that were eye witneſſes ſaid it was an Angel; and how the Stranger or Angel did give Sentence on the man for killing of his Wife: Alſo how Satan did break the mans neck that did forſwear himſelf, and the Stranger or Angel did command Satan to hurt none elſe, and to vaniſh; Then did the Stranger cloathed in green take his leave of the people; whereof the chiefeſt in the Pariſh deſired it might be put into Print, and have hereunto ſet their hands.

Tune is, *In Summer time.*

ATtend good Chriſtian people all,
Mark what I ſay both old and young
Unto the General Judgment day
I think it is not very long.

A wonder ſtrange I ſhall relate,
I think the like was never ſhown,
In Weſtmoreland in Tredenton
Of ſuch a thing was never known,

One Gabriel Harding liv'd of late,
As may to all men juſt appear,
Whoſe yearly Rent by juſt account
Came to five hundred pound a year.

This man he had a Virtuous Wife,
In Godly ways her mind did give:
Yet he as rude a wicked wretch
As in this ſinful Land did live.

Much news of him I will relate,
The like no mortal man did hear:
'Tis very new, and alſo true,
Therefore good Chriſtians all give ear.

One time this man he came home drunk
As he us'd, which made his wife to weep,
Who ſtraightway took him by the hand,
Saying, Dear Husband lye down & ſleep.

She lovingly took him by the arms,
Thinking in ſafety him to guide,
A blow he ſtruck her on the breaſt,
The woman ſtraight ſunk down and dy'd.

The Children with mournful cries
They run into the open ſtreet, (hands
They wept, they wail'd, they wrung their
To all good Chriſtians they did meet.

The people then they all ran forth,
Saying, Children why make you ſuch moan
To make you haſte unto our houſe
Our dear mother is dead and gone.

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The people then they all ran forth,
Saying, Children why make you ſuch moan
To make you haſte unto our houſe
Our dear mother is dead and gone.

Our Father hath our Mother kill'd,
The Children they cryed then,
The people then they all made haste,
And laid their hands upon the man.

He presently denied the same,
Said from guilty Murder I am free,
If I did that wicked deed he said,
Some example I with be seen by me.

Thus he forswore the wicked deed,
Of his dear wifes untimely end,
Quoth the people let's conclude with speed,
That for the Coroner we may send.

Mark what I say the doors fast shut,
The people the Children did depose,
But straight they heard a man to speak,
And one stood knocking at the door.

One in the house to the door made haste,
Hearing a man to knock and call,
The door was opened presently,
And in he came amongst them all.

By your leave good people then he said,
May a stranger with you have some talk,
A dead woman I am come to see,
Into the Room I pray Sir walk.

His eyes like to the Stars did shine,
He was clothed in a bright Grass green,
His cheeks was of a Crimson red,
For such a man was seldome seen.

Unto the people then he spoke,
Mark well these words which I shall say,
For no Coroner you shall send,
I'm Judge and Jury here this day.

Bring hither the man that did the deed
And firmly hath denied the same
They brought him into the room with speed
To answer to this deed with shame.

Now come O wretched man quoth he,
With shame before thy Neighbours all,
Thy body thou hast brought to misery
Thy soul into a deeper thrall.

Thy chiefest delight was drunkenness
And lewd women, O cursed sin,
Blasphemous Oaths and Curses vile
A long time thou hast wallowed in.

Thy Neighbours thou wouldst set at strife
And always griping of the poor:
Besides thou hast murdered thy wife
A fearful death thou dy'st therefore,

Fear nothing good people, then he said
Straight presently will appear,
Let all your trust be in the Lord
No harm shall be while I am here.

Then in the Room the Devil appear'd
Like a brave Gentleman did stand;
Satan (quoth he that was the Judge)
Do no more than thou hast command.

The Devil then he straight laid hold
On him that had murdered his Wife,
His neck in sunder then he broke,
And thus did end his wretched life.

The Devil then he vanished
Quite from the people in the Hall,
Which made the people much afraid,
Yet no one had no hurt at all.

Then straight a pleasant Melody
Of Musick straight was heard to sound,
It ravisht the hearts of those stood by,
So sweet the Musick did abound.

Now (quoth t' is gallant man in green)
With you I can no longer stay,
My love I leave, my leave I take,
The time is come, I must away.

Be sure to love each other well,
Keep in your breast what I do say,
It is the way to go to Heaven
When you shall rise at Judgment day.

The people to their homes did go,
Which had this mighty wonder seen,
And said it was an Angel sure
That thus was cloathed all in green.

And thus the News from Westmoreland
I have related to you o're;
I think it is as strange a thing
As ever man did hear before.

Here are the Names of some of the chiefest men that live in the Parish: Christopher Rawly, Esq; James Fish, Gent. William Lisle, Gent. Simon Pierce, Ambrose White, Oliver Craft, Robert Bord, Thomas Clifford, Yeomen; George Crawly, Peter Vaux, Philip Cook, Francis Martin, George Horton, Husbandmen.

Printed for P. Brooksby at the Golden Ball in Py-corner.